THE PRICE OF A DRINK.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

"Five cents a glass!" Does any one think
That that is really the price of a drink?
"Five cents a glass," I hear you say;
"Why, that isn't very much to pay."
Ah, no, indeed; 'tis a very small sum
You are passing over 'twixt finger and thumb;
And if that were all you gave away,
wouldn't be very much to pay.

The price of a drink! Let him decide
Who has lost his courage and lost his pride,
And lies a groveling heap of clay,
Not far removed from a beast, to day.
The price of a drink! Let that one tell
Who sleeps to-night in a murderer's cell,
And feels within him the fires of hell.
Honor and virtue, love and truth,
All the glory and pride of youth,
Hopes of manhood, the wreath of fame,
High endeavor and noble aim—
These are the treasures thrown away,
As the price of a drink from day to day.

"Five cents a glass!" How Satan laughed,
As over the bar the young man quaffed
The beaded liquor; for the demon knew
The terrible work that drink would do;
And before the morning the victim lay
With his life blood swiftly ebbing away;
And that was the price he paid, alas!
For the pleasure of taking a social glass.

The price of a drink! If you want to know
What some are willing to pay for it, go
Through that wretched tenement over there,
With dingy windows and broken stair,
Where foul disease like a vampire crawls,
With outstretched wings o'er the mouldy walls.
There Poverty dwells with her hungry brood,
Wild-eyed as demons for lack of food;
There shame in a corner crouches low;
There violence deals its cruel blow;
And innocent ones are thus accursed
To pay the price of another's thirst.

"Five cents a glass!,' Oh, if that were all,
The sacrifice would indeed be small!
But the money's worth is the least amount
We pay; and whoever will keep account
Will learn the terrible waste and blight
That follows this ruinous appetite.
"Five cents a glass!" Does anyone think
That this is really the price of a drink?"

THE TABLE'S TURNED.

It war just such an American village as you see in pictures. A background of superb old mountains clothed in blue green cedars, with a torrent thundering down a deep gorge and falling in foamy billows; a river reflecting the azure of the sky, and a knot of houses with a church-spire at one end and a thicket of factory chimneys at the other, whose black smoke wrote ever-changing hieroglphics against the brilliancy of the sky.

This was Dappleville, and in the rosy sunshine of a June day the girls were all issuing forth, while General May, the foreman, sat at his desk. a pen behind his ear, and his small, beady eyes drawn back as it were in the shelter of a precipice of shaggy eyebrows.

One by one the girls stopped and received their pay for the week's work, for this was Saturday. One by one they filed out with discontented faces until the last one paused at the desk.

She was slight and tall, with large velvety blue eyes and a complexion as delicately grained and transparent as rose-colored wax, and an abundance of glossy hair of so dark a brown that the casual observer would have pronounced it black, and there was something in the way the blue ribbon at her neck was tied and the manner in which the simple details of her dress were arranged that bespoke her foreign berth.

"Well, Mademoiselle Marie, how do you like factory life?" asked the foreman.

"It is not disagreeable," she answered, a slight accent clinging to her tones like fragrance to a flower, as she extended her hand for the money counted out to her.

"You have given me but four dollars, and it was eight by the contract," she said.

The foreman shrugged his shoulders with an insolent air.

"Hump? you ain't much accustomed to our way of doing things, are you, mademoiselle? Eight, of course, but we deduct two for a fee."

"A fee! For what?" demanded Marie with flashing eyes.

"For getting you the situation, of course. Such places don't grow on every bush, and you naturally expect to pay for the privilege."

"I did not."

"Oh, well, all right. You ain't obliged to stay unless you choose."

"Do you mean that if I do not pay this money——" hesitated Marie.

"You can't expect to stay in the works," said May, hitching up his collar.

"But the other two dollars?"

Oh, that's a percentage the girls all pay," said the foreman.

"But what is that for?"

Mr. May laughed.

"It helps out my salary. Of course you know the girls expect to pay something each week for keeping their situations in a place where there are so many anxious to get it."

"And Mr. Elder?"

Oh, he hasn't much to do with it. I am master, if you please."

"Mr. Elder owns the works?"

"Well, yes, he owns it, but I manage everything. Mr. Elder reposes the utmost confidence in my ability, and he is a good business man. He understands his business. And if you have any more questions to ask——"

"I have none; but I need this money myself. I work hard for it; I earn it righteously. I cannot afford any more than the others among these poor laboring girls to pay it to your greed."

"Eh?" ejaculated Mr. May, jumping from his seat as if stung.

"And I will not pay it." calmly continued Madamoiselle Marie.

"Very well: just as you like, mademoiselle, only if you don't conform to the rules of the Dapplevale Works——"

"Are these the rules?" scornfully demanded the girl.

"Pray consider your name crossed off the books; you are no longer in my employ. Good evening mademoiselle."

Mr. May slammed down the cover of his desk as if it were a patent guillotine and poor Marie's neck were under it.

Two or three of the girls who had hovered around the place to hear the discussion, looked with awe-stricken faces at Marie as she came out with $4 in her hand.

"You have lost your place, ma'amselle," whispered Jennie Base, a pale dark-eyed girl who supported a crippled mother and two little sisters out of her factory earnings.

"And he'll never take you on again; he is as vindictive as possible," said Mary Rice.

"It matters not. He is a rogue, and rogues sometimes out-general themselves.

"But you can't starve," said Jennie. "Come with me ma'amselle.—My home is a poor place, but you are welcome to stay there till you can write to your friends.

Marie turned and impulsively kissed Jennie on her lips.

"I thank you, but I do not need your kindness. I have friends nearer than you think."

Marie Duvelle went back to the red brick house, all thatched with the growth of woodbine, where she lodged with the wife of the man who tended the engines of the Dappleville Work.

"Does he cheat you out of your money, too?" she inquired, when Simon Pettengill came home, smoke stained and grimmy to his supper.

"One-sixth I have to pay him," said Simon with a groan, as he glanced at the five little ones around his board; "Yes, miss; he's a villain; but this world is full of such, and I find it a pretty hard world to get on in. Mr. Elder never comes here, or maybe things would be different. Mr. Elder lives abroad, in Paris, they say."

"He is in this country now, and I intend to write to him."

"It won't do no good, miss."

"Yes, it will said Marie quietly.

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The petals of the June roses had fallen like a pink carpet along the edge of the woods, and the Dappleville Works wore their holiday guise, even down to Simon Pettengill's newly brightened steam engine, for Mr. Elder and his bride were to visit the factory on their wedding tour.

"It is a pity Ma'amselle Marie went away so soon, for they say the master is kind hearted in the main and she might have spoken up for herself," said Simon to his assistant.

Mr. May, in his best broadcloth suit and mustache newly dyed, stood in the entrance smiling as the carriage drove up and Mr. Elder, a handsome blonde man, sprang out and assisted a young lady in a dove-colored traveling suit to alight.

May, how are you?" he said with the carelessness of conscious superiority. "Marie, my love, this is my foreman."

"Mademoiselle Marie!"

Mr. May found himself cringing before the slight French girl whom he had turned from the factory a month before.

May," said Mr. Elder, authoratively, "my wife tells me some very strange stories about how things are managed here. It became so notorious that the rumors reached her at Blythesdale Springs and she chose to come and see for herself. Marie, my darling, the best wedding gift we can make to these poor girls is a new foreman. May, you are dismissed."

"But, sir——"

"Not a word," cried Mr. Elder with lowering brow, and Mr. May crept out with an uncomfortable consciousness of Marie's scornful blue eyes following him.

"You were right my love. The man's face is sufficient evidence against him," he said.

And a new reign began for poor Jennie Bass and the others, as well as for Simon Pettengill. And Marie never regretted her week's apprenticeship at the Dappleville Calico Works.

Another Possible Advantage from Cotton-Growing.

For some years Mr. Edward Atkinson has suggested at first, and then insisted, that the lint is the least valuable portion of the cotton plant, and from time to time has presented facts in support of this opinion. Hitherto, the cotton stems have not only been considered worthless, but as adding to the expense of production by the cost of disposing of them. For each bale of lint there are 1,500 lbs. of stems, and Mr. Atkinson now states that recent analyses prove that these contain more phosphate of lime and phosphate of potash than the seed. Accordingly he suggests that the stems be ground and mixed with cotton seed meal or other suitable forage, and used as stock feed. The mixture of ground stems would correct, it is thought, the over-richness of the cotton-seed meal in large quantities as fodder. It is said that if ground stocks were mixed with corn ensilage, the compound would furnish all the elements for the production of milk, meat and bone, so that the feeding of grain would be entirely dispensed with. To test this theory practically, Mr. Atkinson consulted Major Jones, of Georgia, a progressive farmer and stock raiser, and he has corroborated Mr. Atkinson in his claims. Should this new use for cotton prove practicable, we fully agree with Bradstreet that it will not only open the way for the establishment of another important industry in the South, and add greatly to the wealth of cotton growers, but it will also promote and cheapen the raising of stock in the North as well as the South, owing to the consuption of grain.—*Southern Cultivator.*

The biggest trees in the world are the mammoth trees of California. One of a grove in Tulare county, according to measurement made by members of the state geographical survey, was shown to be 276 feet high. 106 feet in circumference at base, and 76 at a point 12 feet above the ground. Some of the trees are 376 feet high and 34 feet in diameter. Some of the largest trees that have been felled indicate an age of 2,000 to 2,500 years.

The largest university is Oxford in England, in the city of the same name, 56 miles from London. It consists of 21 Colleges and five halls. Oxford was a seat of learning as early as the time of Edward the Confessor. University College claims to have been founded by Alfred.